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zealous advocates. With a benevolent look, and in a kind and courteous tone, the stranger asked John how he should like to become, as he once was, respectable and respected, well clad, esteemed by friends, useful, and happy? John sighed, and expressed his belief that such a change was impossible. The course the stranger proposed was that of immediately abandoning the use of all intoxicating drinks, and signing a pledge expressive of his determination to do so. This was urged with so much earnestness and affection that Gough determined to comply with the friend's request. Accordingly, he attended a Temperance meeting the next evening, and after briefly relating his once happy and now miserable condition, he signed the temperance pledge, with a palsied hand and in characters singularly crooked! He was long before he recovered his strength and spirits; but he persevered. Friends rallied round him. His talent for public speaking being known, and his former career having been notorious, curiosity as to his addresses was excited. He soon became popular, and his time was almost wholly occupied in lecturing on the Temperance question. The sphere of his operations was soon extended, and his popularity increased with great rapidity.

In November, 1843, Mr. Gough married his present wife; and from that period he has devoted his time and talents entirely to the public advocacy of Temperance; addressing audiences consisting of many thousands, and everywhere obtaining friends, making converts, and receiving testimonials of approbation and good will.

The fame of Mr. Gough's eloquent and successful advocacy of Temperance having reached England, desires had frequently been expressed for a visit from him. Invitations had more than once been sent to him, but they were respectfully declined. At length, however, a Metropolitan Society—"THE LONDON TEMPERANCE LEAGUE"—sent an invitation to him in terms so urgent that he found it impossible to refuse compliance. After consulting valued friends, he determined on a visit to his native country, and on the first of August, 1853, he and his wife arrived safely in the metropolis. He has delivered several addresses at Exeter Hall, and other places in London, as also in various parts of England and Scotland. The expectations raised by the reports which had reached England have, in every case, been more than realised; and so great is the anxiety manifested by the largest Temperance Societies in Great Britain to obtain his services, that it is probable he will prolong his stay till the autumn of 1854.

The highest testimonials to his character have been borne by ministers and gentlemen of the first respectability in America. In England, as in America, he has "swayed multitudes by his oratory; made strong men weep like children, and women to sob as if their hearts would break." An English journalist, whose judgment in these matters is considered sound,* says: "Mr. Gough is a well adjusted mixture of the poet, orator, and dramatist—in fact, an English Gavazzi."—"If Gavazzi possesses more power, Gough has more pathos. This is the main difference; and here the difference is in favour of Gough. Gough excels Gavazzi in pathos, far more than Gavazzi excels Gough in power."—"His air makes promise of nothing; and hence all that is given is so much above the contract. It is impossible to conceive of anything more entirely free from empiricism. From first to last, it is nature acting in one of her favourite sons. Oratorically considered, he is never at fault. While the vocable pronunciation, with scarcely an exception, is perfect, the elocutionary element is every way worthy of it. He is wholly free, on the one hand, from heavy monotony, and, on the other, from ranting declamation, properly so called. There is no mouthing—no stilted shouting. His whole speaking is eminently true; there is nothing false either in tone or inflexion; and the same remark applies to emphasis. All is truth; the result is undeviating pleasure, and irresistible impression. His air is that of a man who never thought five minutes on the subject of public speaking; but who surrenders himself to the guidance of his genius, while he oftentimes snatches a grace beyond its reach."—"Gough is a pattern to Temperance advocates."

* Rev. John Campbell, D.D.

THE SEVERED RING.

PART II.

At last Emilie married, and Eugenie was left alone with the count and countess. They intended to have kept her in the house as a daughter, for whom they would have done anything, and whom they would ultimately provide for. But they had a son, the Viscount de Salençay, a young man of warm and impetuous character, of eccentric ideas, and of singular beauty, if man ever can pretend to beauty, which a well-known author of the male sex tells us is impossible. Sigismund de Salençay was now oftener at home than usual; he paid great attention to Eugenie, and at last never left her side. One evening when he happened—what was now a thing of rare occurrence—to be out, the young girl suddenly addressed her protectors.

"My dear friends, I must leave you, I must go far away from you," she exclaimed.

"What mean you, my child?" replied the countess, much surprised.

"My dear and kind friends," said Eugenie, "what I am about to say may seem to proceed from vanity, but that I hold in my hand the justification of my conduct. Your son loves me, he says, and last night offered me his hand, declaring that he was certain of your consent."

"Mon Dieu!" cried the mother.

"Go on," exclaimed the father, gravely.

"I refused to hear; not, madame, that I could long remain indifferent to his good and noble qualities, if I continued to see him; but because I knew my duty. To think of marrying your son would be in me a gross violation of the laws of hospitality. You have received and cherished the orphan, the orphan owes you duty and respect, and as I said to Monsieur le Viscount last night, obtain your parents' consent and I must refuse you still, for they would yield, not because they could by any possibility see any propriety in our union, but to please an only son. I cannot deserve hate where I have found love."

"Noble girl," said the countess, much affected; "I wish for your sake that the prejudices of the world were less strong; but were we to let our son marry you, who hold to the world the position of our music-mistress, we should be persecuted by the whole aristocracy."

"It could not be thought of," exclaimed the count, a little severely; "but what madness has seized the viscount, to make our parting thus necessary."

"But part we will not," said the countess; "we intend joining Emilie in Italy, and Sigismund goes with us. You must remain in Paris in the meantime. The count will double your *traitement*; I only regret we are not richer, to be more useful to you."

The count cordially acquiesced in this, and even spoke of having her back again, on their return from Italy, when Sigismund, in all probability, would have forgotten his wild passion. Next day, Eugenie left with tears in her eyes, taking with her only such things as she required immediately, and for some time she had no communication with her friends. She received her fifty pounds a year through a notary, in monthly payments, and determined to eradicate the tendency to love Sigismund which had risen in her heart.

Meanwhile, Sigismund had spoken as follows to his father and mother, on discovering that Eugenie had left.

"My dear father and mother, I know why that dear girl has left our house; you have discovered my affection for her. But your having sent her away is useless. I shall not seek to find her; I shall take no steps of any kind; I shall wait until you recall her yourselves. I will never marry any other woman. I have made up my mind to this; it is a fixed and unchangeable resolution."

The count and countess listened to him with a smile; they did not believe in the force of his sentiment sufficiently to look with alarm to the future. They took him to Italy, they visited their daughter, and they returned to Paris without an allusion of theirs relative to Eugenie. Emilie and her husband accompanied them. During the absence of Sigismund, who

was now absent and gloomy, it was determined to ask Eugenie to the first dinner and ball they gave.

She came, and was received as well as ever. The young viscount was extremely polite and attentive, and no more, upon this as upon all other occasions. But when his father or mother spoke to him of marriage, he shook his head, reminded them of his solemn decision, and went away bowing politely.

Dire was the despair of the parents, who had hoped to see him brilliantly married, and they invited Eugenie more and more, in the hope that some of the young artists or authors, whom they received on their grand nights, might win her heart, and thus remove the stumbling-block.

One day they decided on giving a grand dinner party, and Eugenie was among the guests. The party was large; there were three nobles and their wives, three charming young ladies, two leading writers, Emilie and her husband, and a yellow-skinned nabob. Eugenie sat opposite to Sigismund, and next to the nabob. He was a man of about five-and-forty, and the countess noticed with pleasure that he took much notice of the young girl. He spoke to her with animation and pleasure, and though dark and bilious-looking, with an expression of settled sorrow, was singularly pleasant. Eugenie listened to him, in fact, with so much attention, that Sigismund seemed uncomfortable, and addressed him a question.

"Here is a gentleman attacking marriage," said the young man; "now, in France, this is a stale joke, but what say you, Indian Rajah Jebuzzie?"

"What is my opinion of marriage?" cried the other, speaking with such animation as to draw all eyes on him; "I think it a heaven or a hell. If we are united to one we love, whom we know to be suited to us, however lowly they may be, it is heaven; for then we have a sweet companion, agreeable discourse, thoughts in common, joys, pleasures, sorrow to share, and it is a happiness such as the earth cannot rival. But to be chained to one we hate, to one who is indifferent,—to feel compelled at set hours to show affection, or be accounted sullen,—to be tied to one who has no feeling in common, or sympathy with us, is hell."

"I thank you, monsieur," said Sigismund, with flashing eyes.

"You speak feelingly," said the count, a little annoyed.

"I speak from experience. I have tried both. With your permission, in a few words, I will explain, if you like, why I speak so strongly."

"We shall be much flattered," replied the count.

"Gentlemen and ladies,—I am a Frenchman. At the age of twenty I married a woman I adored; and I was happy, ah! as man never was before. I had a darling wife, a dear child, and a possession which supported me in comfort. But, with the restless ambition of man, I was not content. I wished to win a fortune of colossal proportion for my family; and I left all my joy behind me to go search for gold in the service of one of the native independent princes of India.—What is the matter, young lady; you seem unwell?"

"No," said Eugenie, trembling, while the count and countess watched her curiously; "I am deeply interested."

"I left my beloved, my wife, my child of six months old in the cradle, and I went to India. The sovereign I had to serve was a princess. I was then considered very handsome, for my misery. The princess, who was nearly twice my age, fell in love with me, because of my white European face; and instead of giving me the place of an engineer, raised me to that of prime minister, and—married me. I had no choice: it was marriage or the scimitar. I was subjected to the most abject slavery. I had spies around me everywhere; and so efficient was the watch set upon me, that I never could send even a letter home. Imagine my misery! Separated from all I adored, I was a slave to the caprices of an ugly black-looking old woman, ill-tempered, tyrannical, and hateful. My detestation of her increased every day, while she, up to the age of sixty, when she died, preserved her affection. I must say, that she loaded me with honours and enormous, almost

fabulous, wealth. I have returned to France at four-and-forty, richer than most wealthy bankers. But where are those for whom I went away; where is my wife—my child?"

"Here is your child," cried Eugenie, sobbing aloud. "You are Antoine Rouget—you have half the severed ring?"

"My God!" exclaimed the rajah; "now I understand the mysterious sympathy which I felt for you. Yes, I have the half of the ring, it has never left me."

"Pardon me, my dear friends," cried Eugenie, addressing the count and countess; "I ought to have waited until later, and not have disturbed your dinner-table; but I was too full of emotion."

"I am truly proud," replied the count, who had exchanged a glance with his wife—"there is hope for our boy now," it meant—"to have witnessed this almost incredible scene. Monsieur Rouget, you may well be proud of your daughter. For five years that we have seen her every day, we have seen in her nothing but cause to love and esteem her."

"I thank you, monsieur the count," said M. Rouget, looking at his child with intense love. "But pardon me if I precede you in the *salon* with Eugenie."

"Go, monsieur, we understand your impatience," replied M. de Salençay.

M. Rouget rose with his daughter and left the dinner party. His first question was of his wife. The tone of his voice plainly said he expected the truth. He could not, however, restrain his tears, and he embraced his child to hide them. Then he made Eugenie tell him all that had passed during his absence, concealing nothing, not even the proposition of Sigismund. Her father looked at her curiously.

"M. de Salençay is a friend of our families—speak then frankly. Have you any affection for this young man? Hide nothing; you can aspire to the hand of a prince."

Eugenie hid her face on her father's neck.

"Speak, child. Had you been differently situated, would you have accepted the addresses of this young man?"

"I would, father. But it is impossible now."

"No my child, it shall be so. This young man offered you his hand and fortune when you were poor and obscure. He shall have you now that you are rich. It must be so; I will hear nothing against it. Remember what I said at dinner, and do so all your life."

"Oh my kind father, how shall I thank you!"

The father and child talked together until the party came in from dinner; then they joined in the general conversation. The ex-rajah was obliged to tell his whole adventures in India, and the company separated at a late hour.

Great was the astonishment of Chaillot when a month later a magnificent wedding took place in Chaillot church. The old *concierge* and his wife, the barber, and all those who had known Eugenie during her residence in the suburb, collected together to look on. Monsieur and Madame Coconas had the pleasure of a pressure from her hand, on withdrawing which the good woman, who had been very kind to her, found a thousand francs' note in it. M. Herbert sighed deeply; he was quite sure that Eugenie was a girl to be proud of, and when on solicitation he obtained the custom of the family as *coiffeur*, he everywhere boasted of the honour.

M. Rouget took a splendid house for his daughter, and was in raptures when the young viscount asked him as a favour to live with them. He remained ever a grave man, and fixed all his affection on Eugenie, and later on her children. He discovered that the count and countess had yielded, before his return, to the wishes of Sigismund, and promised, if he could not cure himself of his passion, to consent to his unequal marriage. This delighted M. Rouget, and he and the count became constant companions. They played whist every evening, and every day were more inseparable. Eugenie and Sigismund were very happy; they were suited to each other, and are now a model couple. They now live in the Champ Elysées, and often talk with pleasure of the fun enjoyed by Eugenie during her three months in Chaillot; while neither ever forgot the severed ring, without which, perhaps, their happiness would have been incomplete.